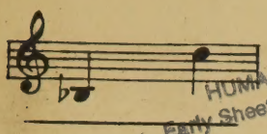
Olive Jester

MSC ESM 19:89
50

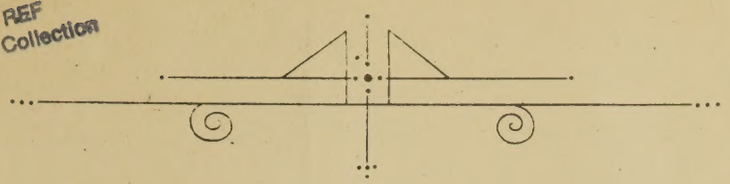
No 1 IN F MAJOR

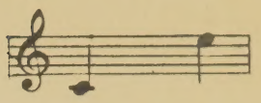
SUNG BY MR KENNERLEY RUMFORD

No 2 IN G MAJOR



HUMANITIES REF
Early Sheet Music Collection





THREE FOR JACK

SONG

WORDS BY

Fred. E. Weatherly

MUSIC BY

W. H. SQUIRE.

PRICE 50 CENTS
NET
EXCEPT CANADA AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

CHAPPELL & Co LTD.
MELBOURNE LONDON SYDNEY

FOR THE COUNTRIES OF NORTH AMERICA
CHAPPELL-HARMS, INC.
NEW YORK

Copyright MCMIV by Chappell & Co

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

MAY BE SUNG WITHOUT FEE OR LICENSE

W. F. Roehr
MUSIC COMPANY
TOPEKAS POPULAR MUSIC SHOP

THREE FOR JACK.

As I went down to the wintry sea,
I saw three witches watching me,
And they screamed "Ha! Ha!" and they laughed "Ho! Ho!"
As they heard the black Northeaster blow,
Then they cried, "You silly young Sailor-bones,
You'll very soon dine with Davy Jones!
Says I "Avast!" and I doffs my hat,
"There's lots to be done ere it comes to that!"
Yeo-ho, Yeo-ho, Yeo-ho.
So I went bowling,
Over the rolling,
Over the rolling sea;
They may keep their croak
For other folk,
But they won't frighten me!

But when I came to the open sea,
I saw three cruisers watching me,
Yes three black cruisers all in reach,
And a brand new gun in the bows of each.
And they hailed me, "Ho! you silly young tar,
We'll send you down where the fishes are,"
Says I, Come along! if that's your game,
Let's see if I can't play the same.
Yeo-ho, Yeo-ho, Yeo-ho.
So we went bowling,
Over the rolling,
Over the rolling sea;
We put three shots
In their lobster pots,
So they won't frighten me!

But when I stepped upon the quay,
There were three pretty maids who watched for me,
Three pretty maids who looked so nice,
I kissed them once, I kissed them twice!
"You loved me best" said the First to me,
"You loved me first" said Number Three,
"I'll never give you up!" said Number Two,
So what was a sailor boy to do.
Yeo-ho, Yeo-ho, Yeo-ho.
So we went strolling,
Down by the rolling,
Down by the rolling sea,
If you can't be true,
To One or Two,
You're much better off with Three!

Fred. E. Weatherly.

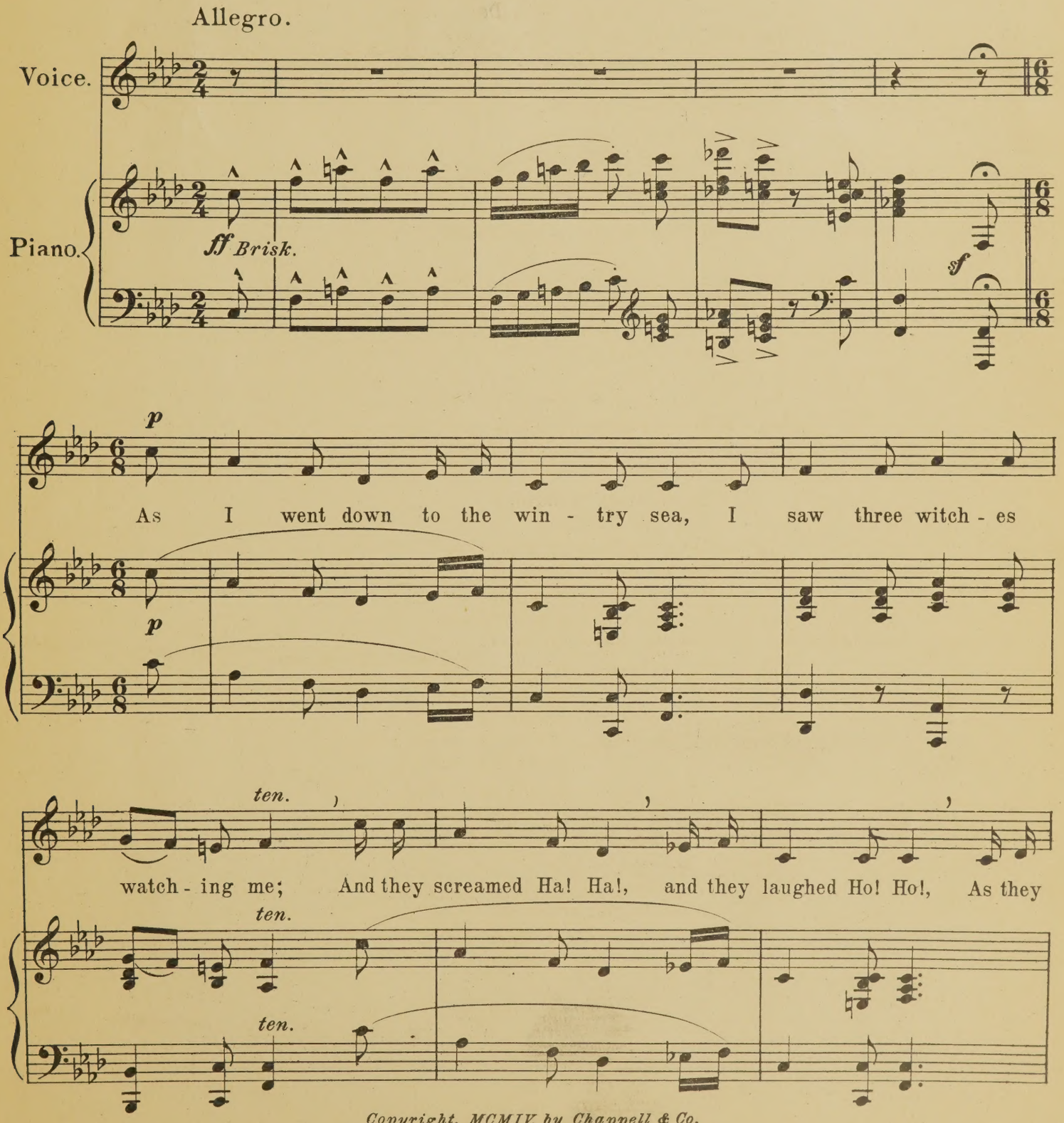
UPB

THREE FOR JACK.

SONG.

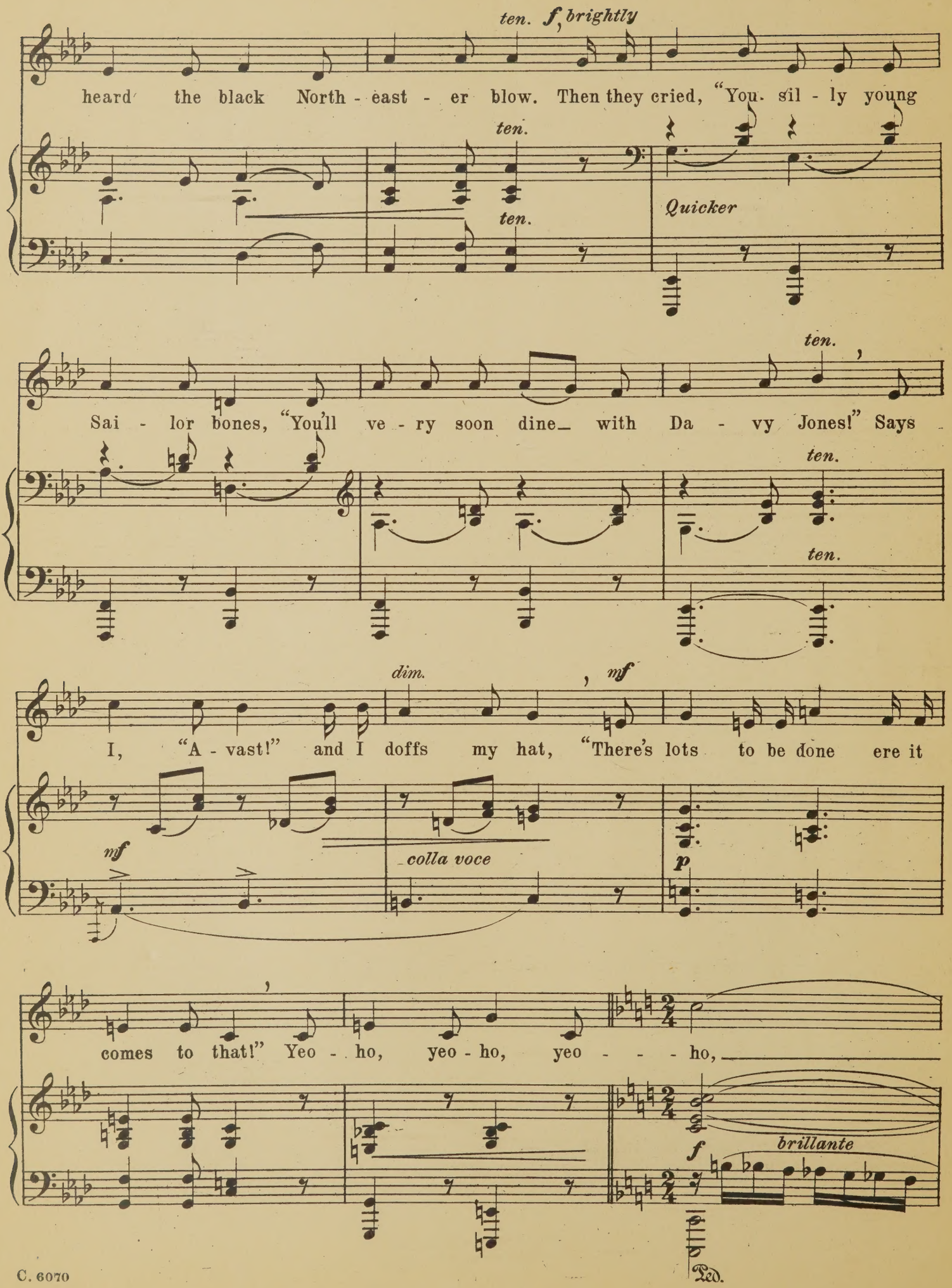
Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

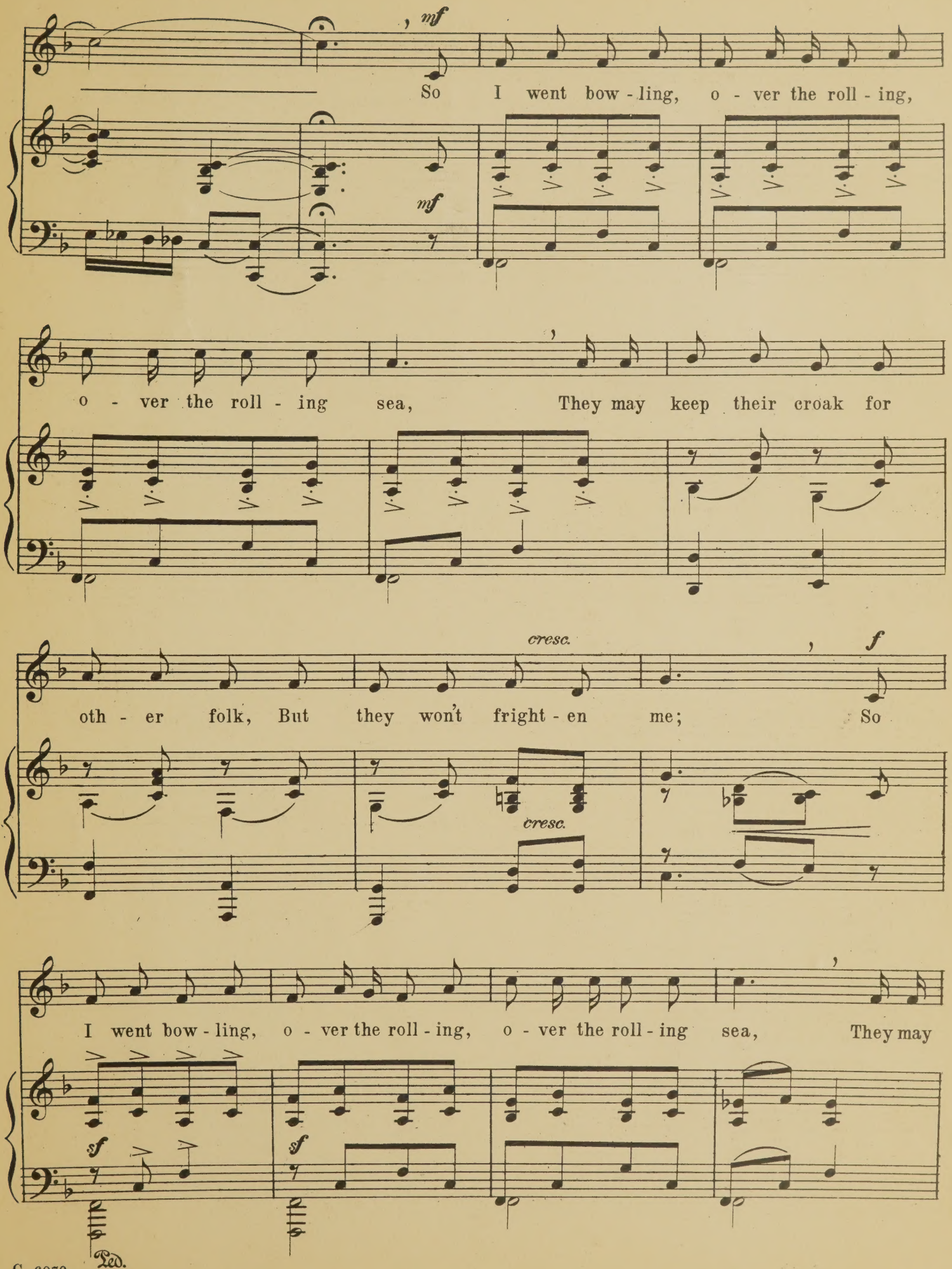
Music by
W. H. SQUIRE.

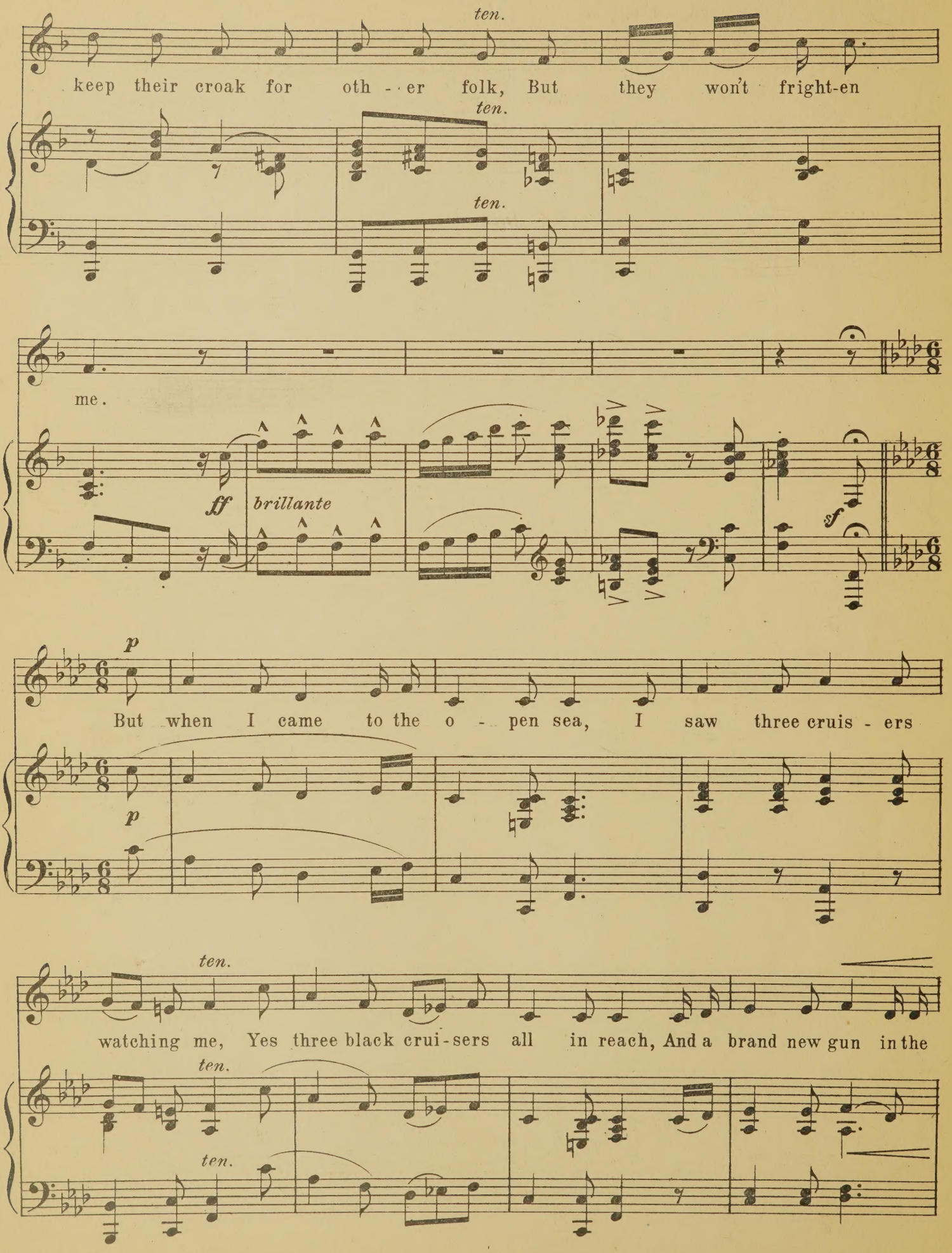


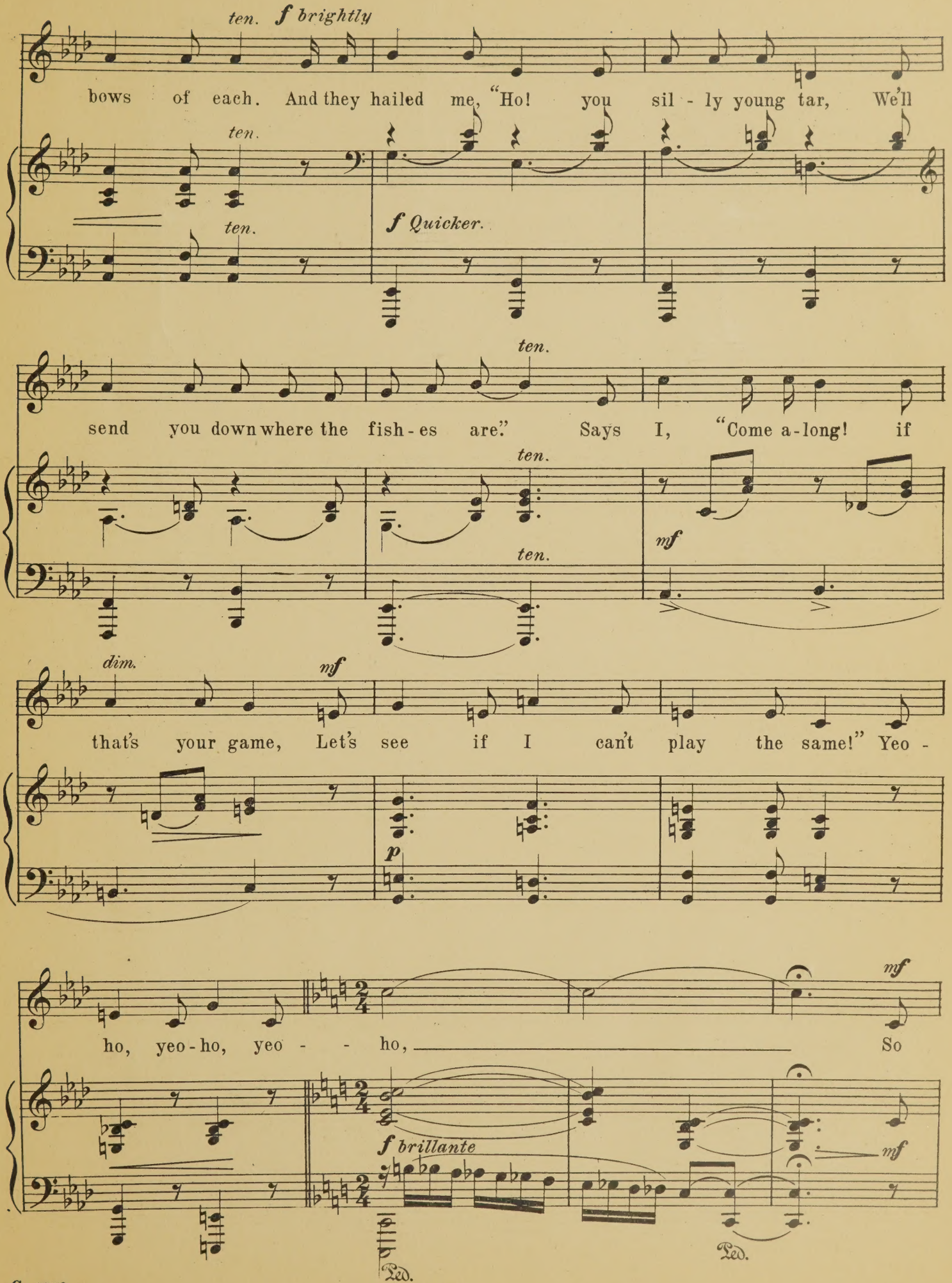
Copyright, MCMIV, by Chappell & Co.

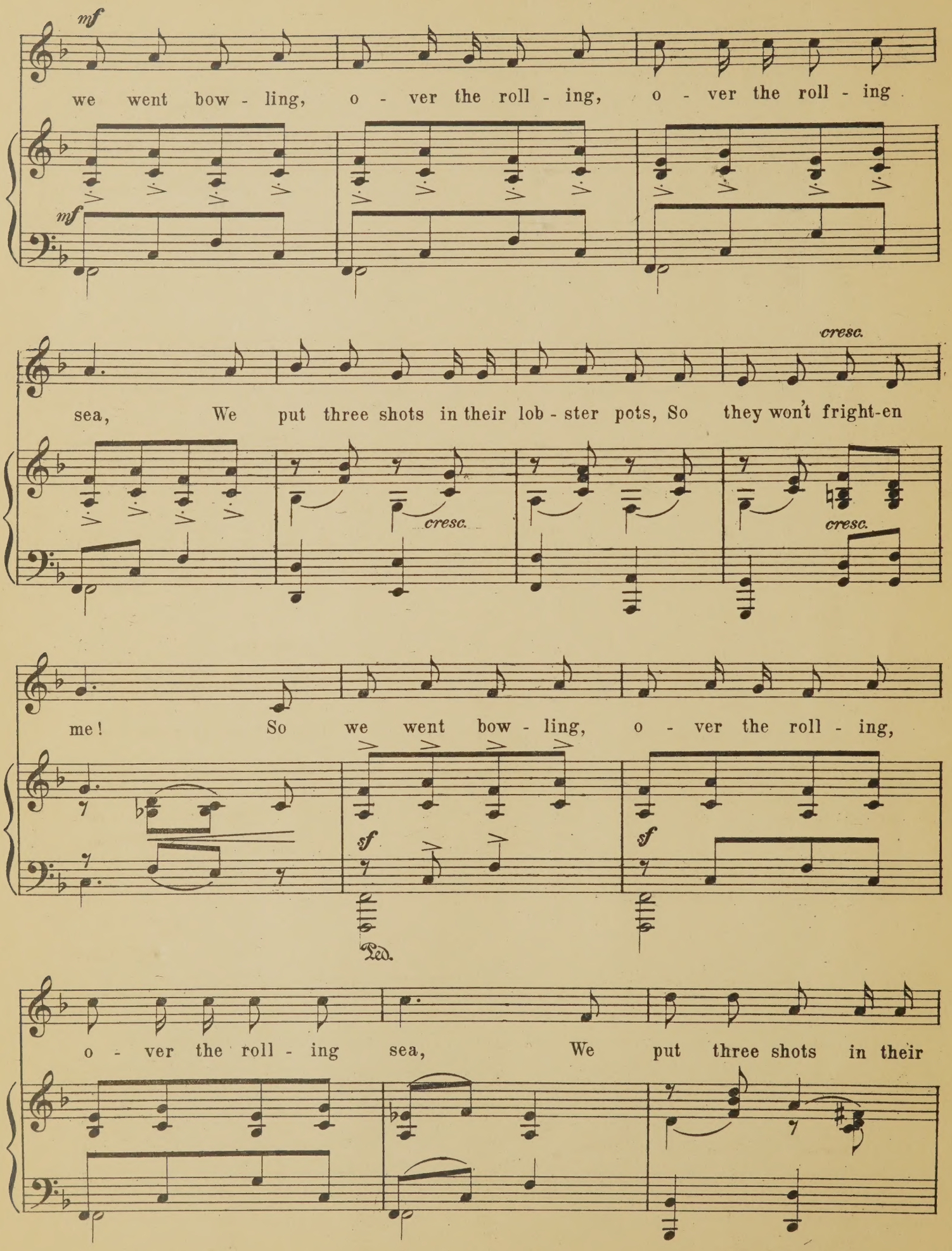
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
Including Public Performance For Profit

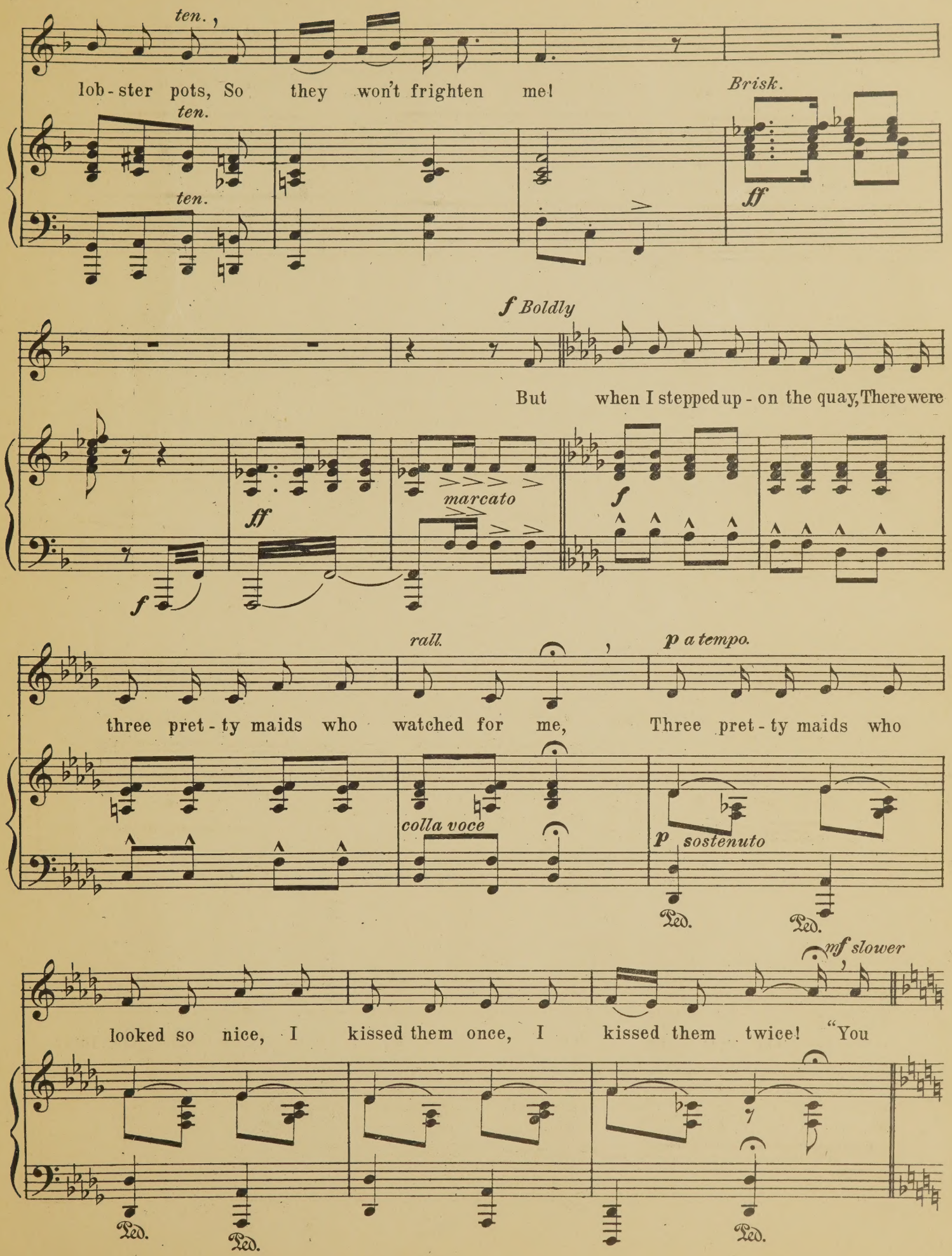

ten. f, brightly
heard the black North - east - er blow. Then they cried, "You. sil - ly young
ten.
ten.
Quicker
ten.
Sai - lor bones, "You'll ve - ry soon dine_ with Da - vy Jones!" Says
ten.
ten.
dim.
mf
I, "A - vast!" and I doffs my hat, "There's lots to be done ere it
mf
colla voce
p
comes to that!" Yeo - ho, yeo - ho, yeo - - - ho,
f
brillante
Ped.

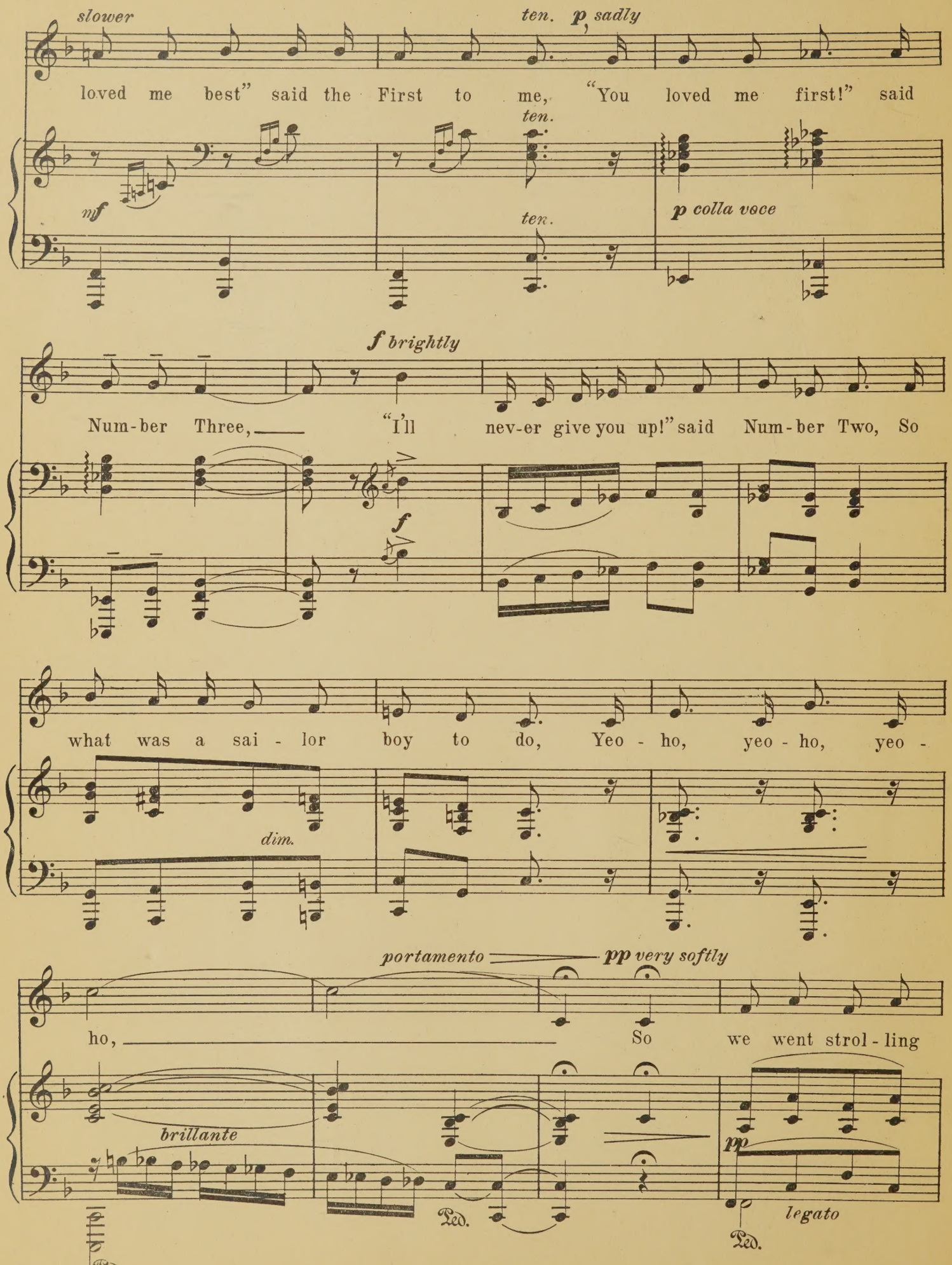

mf
So I went bow - ling, o - ver the roll - ing,
mf
o - ver the roll - ing sea, They may keep their croak for
cresc.
f
oth - er folk, But they won't fright - en me; So
cresc.
I went bow - ling, o - ver the roll - ing, o - ver the roll - ing sea, They may
sf
sf
Ped.

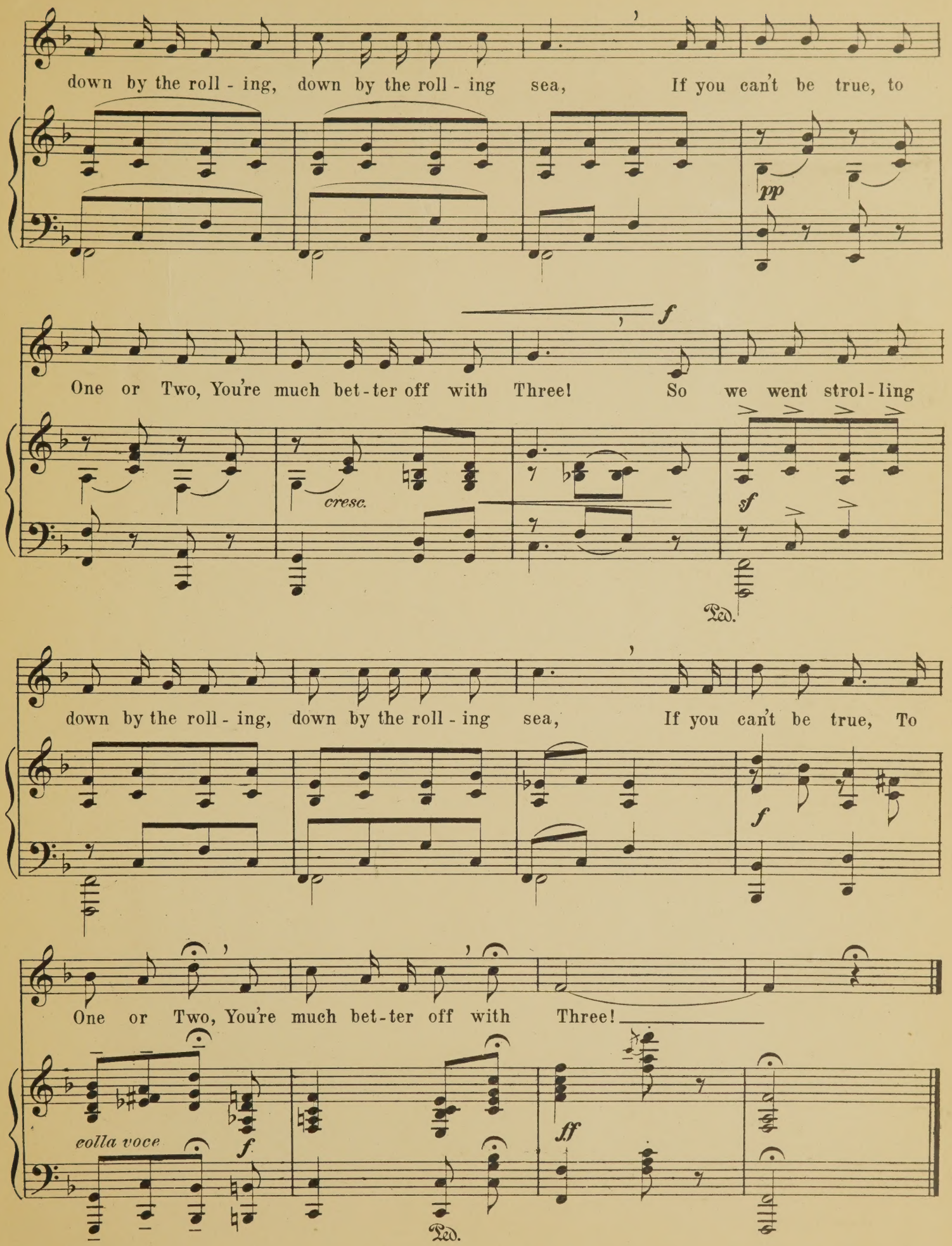

ten.
keep their croak for oth - - er folk, But they won't fright-en
ten.
ten.
me.
ff
brillante
f
p
But when I came to the o - pen sea, I saw three cruis - ers
p
ten.
watching me, Yes three black crui-sers all in reach, And a brand new gun in the
ten.
ten.


ten. f brightly
bows of each. And they hailed me, "Ho! you sil - ly young tar, We'll
ten.
ten.
f Quicker.
send you down where the fish - es are." Says I, "Come a - long! if
ten.
ten.
mf
dim.
mf
that's your game, Let's see if I can't play the same!" Yeo -
p
mf
ho, yeo - ho, yeo - - ho, So
f brillante
mf
Ped.
Ped.


mf
we went bow - ling, o - ver the roll - ing, o - ver the roll - ing
mf
cresc.
sea, We put three shots in their lob - ster pots, So they won't fright-en
cresc.
cresc.
me! So we went bow - ling, o - ver the roll - ing,
sf
sf
Ped.
o - ver the roll - ing sea, We put three shots in their


ten.
lob - ster pots, So they won't frighten me!
ten.
ten.
Brisk.
ff
f Boldly
But when I stepped up - on the quay, There were
ff
marcato
f
f
rall.
three pret - ty maids who watched for me,
p a tempo.
Three pret - ty maids who
colla voce
p sostenuto
Ped.
Ped.
mf slower
looked so nice, I kissed them once, I kissed them twice! "You
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


slower
ten. p, sadly
loved me best" said the First to me, "You loved me first!" said
ten.
mf
ten.
p colla voce
f brightly
Num-ber Three, "I'll nev-er give you up!" said Num-ber Two, So
f
what was a sai - lor boy to do, Yeo - ho, yeo - ho, yeo -
dim.
portamento
pp very softly
ho, So we went strol - ling
brillante
Ped.
pp
legato
Ped.
Ped.


down by the roll - ing, down by the roll - ing sea, If you can't be true, to
pp
One or Two, You're much bet - ter off with Three! So we went strol - ling
f
cresc.
sf
Ped.
down by the roll - ing, down by the roll - ing sea, If you can't be true, To
f
One or Two, You're much bet - ter off with Three!
colla voce
f
ff
Ped.

Hermann Lohr's
SONG CYCLES
For Low, Medium and High Voices.

FOUR INDIAN SONGS. For Low, Med. and High Voices.

Laurence Hope wrote "The Garden of Kama," and from this work the four Indian songs are selected, and by Indian is meant the Far East, not America. They comprise "Starlight," "Just in the Hush Before the Dawn," "This Passion is But an Ember" and, "On the City Wall," and are full of the mystery, the fascination, of the Orient. They are songs of Her, of The Love—past or present. "Starlight" is full of fierce passion, of frustrated desire, well noted in the couplet "Hither and thither I wandering go, with aimless haste and wearying feet." "The Dawn" has Oriental atmosphere, short and sweet, ending "I wait the sorrows of the day." "This Passion" is the sorrowful wail for the dead Love, She who is dead, it is full of strange restraint, for "I could not live and remember, and so I love and forget." "City Wall" is the blue-eyed Saxon versus the dark-eyed Mohammedan, "The Blue Eyes that Conquer, the Dark Eyes that Dream." I presents the tragedy of the Far East, where the soldier loves and runs away. "Oh, since Love is all so short, the sob so near the smile, Blue Eyes that always conquer us, is it worth your while?" Truly impassioned music, every bit containing character, is in this song, and indeed this composer has never done anything better than in these Indian Songs, of seventeen pages

SONGS OF THE SOUTHERN ISLES. For Low, Med. and High Voices.

"Star of the South," "I Dream of a Garden of Sunshine," "Cyprian Night Song" and "When Spring Comes to the Islands" are the four poems by Edward Teschemacher contained in this volume of seventeen pages, music by Hermann Löhr, well-known composer of "Little Grey Home in the West," "Where My Caravan Has Rested," etc. They are all love-songs of India, the first one closing with the impassioned "I pass to Pharos, hope and joy are born; How shall I greet her? as the night the morn!" Beautiful effects are in the "Dream," a revery ending with the words "Where the song in my heart shall be love's song, where the rose on my breast shall be you!" The "Night Song" has lovely melody and harmony, and perfectly beautiful in every detail is the last, a Spring song.

RUSSIAN LOVE SONGS. For Low, Med. and High Voices.

When the cycle of six songs, words by Katerina Bogosoff, covering twenty-seven pages, music by Hermann Löhr, appeared in 1921, it received much attention from singers and teachers, not to mention the press. The six poems deal with Dushka (Russian for Dearest), her brown eyes, the great Bazaars, the dark arbutus-trees, the Troika (three-horse sleigh), "Galubchik moi" (My Darling), the "Yamscheek" (driver of the Troika), and are colored throughout with the Russian atmosphere. There is local color a-plenty, deep expression, forceful climax, strong rhythms where needed, yet alternating with calm, tranquil melody-periods.

Each Volume Beautifully Printed and Bound in Heavy Paper—Price $1.50 Net.